LEVEL ONE

Congo News Letter.

APRIL 1936

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1936:2

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PUBLISHED QUARTERLY by the
MISSIONARIES of the A.B.M.F.S.

Edited at Leopoldville, Published at Sona Bata

Subscription Price 25 cents per year

Subscriptions may be sent to Treasurer A.B.F.M.S.

152 Madison Avenue, New York

Subscription Price in Congo 9 Francs

Address Correspondence to Editor C.N.L.

A.B.F.M.S., Leopoldville-Ouest

Congo Belge, W.C. Africa

Congo News Letter.

Vol. XXVII April 1936 No. 2

CONGO'S MACEDONIAN CALL

One day in early spring in 1935 my friend Pierre Dinzau and I received letters asking us to go to the far country of Moanza and Kikongo. We were very much surprised and many questions arose as to whether we should go. We took our Bibles and read: Matt. 28:18-20; "And Jesus came and spake unto them saying, All power is given unto Me in heaven and in earth. Go ye therefore, and teach all nations, baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost: Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you; and, lo I am with you alway, even unto the end of the world." We were comforted for Christ said, "I am with you now and at any time. Do not be afraid, I am with you. I came from the Father to redeem you, I am with you always."

April 5th we left Sona Bata and went in the truck to Madimba. At first the Administrator did not want to give us permission to go to those far away lands, but God was with us and we finally received the permit.

Dinzau and I were chosen to go from Sona Bata and Mafioti and Nkuangu from Banza Manteke. I left Dinzau at Madimba to go to my village for my valise. My friend, Stephen Bangu gathered the people to prayer.

We prayed and then the people said, "Go in peace and return in peace; we shall continue to pray that God may bless you and make you a blessing."

Dinzau arrived at Boko and that night the people gathered in church to pray. In the midst of the prayer meeting some one cried out, "Snake, Snake." The meeting was about to break up in disorder and fear when Dinzau walked down the aisle, stepped on the snake and killed it. He did this remembering the words of Jesus, "Behold, I have given you authority to tread upon serpents and scorpions, and over all the power of the enemy: and nothing shall in any wise hurt you."

The next day I met Davidi Nkuangu and Mafioti. We walked to Kimbuma, a village without a teacher. We preached and prayed. Many people were there who knew how to pray, but they asked who there was to tell them the story of Jesus.

Then we arrived at Kimbanzulu. In the morning we went to the village of the chief, we walked and walked through a great valley, we thought that the sides looked the heighth of three palm trees standing one on the other. This made us fearful; however we walked two hours in this valley and finally arrived at Kimvula in a pouring rain. We slept there that night. The chief received us very happily and gave us much food. Many came to hear God's Word. Dinzau taught them, and they were very happy and said, "Why don't you come and teach us? We NEED YOU."

At the next village many gathered, glad to hear God's Word. We had great difficulty crossing the river as the rain fell in torrents. One said, "Let us go to the woods for shelter." "No, we must go on"; so on we

went to Sombo near Popokabaka. Here we ate, preached and were happy. The next day we walked perhaps sixty kilometers. Once we lost our way but finally arrived at a village at night in a rain storm. Who was to receive us? And where were we to sleep in a rain? There was no one to welcome us. From that time on we slept on the ground in rain and terrible storms. Never mind we slept, and in the morning took the road and walked and walked.

At the next village the people came out to challenge us. "Who are you? Enemies?" "No, friends." The people here wanted us to stay with them but we went on. At Popokabaka we were received by Kalema and Alphonse Matutu, two State Infirmiers, formerly Mission school boys of Vanga. They killed a sheep and we were also given chickens.

From there we went on to Binsinsa. It was very dark when we arrived and the people asked, "Are you friends of Alponse? If you are we will help you and will be glad to hear the Words of God even though we are Catholics."

The next day we arrived at Kibwati. We slept out as no house was offered us. One woman got a rattle and others lifted torches so as to look us over. They said, "You are old men but have walked and walked, you must be very tired but strong." Shaking her rattle over me she shouted, "Kill, kill." The cry was sounded through the village. She said, "Here is a man who would eat us, therefore the fetish must kill him." But we slept on peacefully the rest of the night and in the morning went on to the next village, which was Catholic. They were not allowed to offer us shelter. It started to rain

so we sought shelter in a pig sty. There was no peace, we were told to get out. One man said, "You have good bodies, you must be good people." A woman said, "You have the sign of God, you cannot stay." However we sang a song, had prayers and went on.

April 29th we arrived at Moanza. We walked into the station with mats over our heads as it was raining. Mr. and Mrs. Moon welcomed us, took us to the fire, warmed us and fed us. We stayed there two weeks. Then we separated; Mafioti and Nkuangu went in one direction and Dinzau and I in another. At first very few gathered and we found many were sick, but Dr. Witt had supplied us with medicines which we were glad to use.

At Mukisu the people brought cakes, fruit, chickens and much food. We examined 115 people who were ready for baptism. At Kifunga we examined 219. Our work was only to examine. People pleaded for baptism but we said that Mr. Moon would baptize later. At Mukunzu 68 and at Wamba 87 were examined. At Mayogo the news went round that the elders of the Protestant Mission were coming to examine the seekers. A State Doctor was there examining for Sleeping Sickness and he allowed us to preach. There were 609 people in the village and 245 were examined for baptism.

We went to Kitondi; here we found the church building down, but the men and women helped to build a new one. This was the end of our trip in the district of Moanza. We arrived at the station where we examined 180 applicants. We heard that Mafioti and Nkuangu had examined and baptized 825.

On July 9th we started for Kikongo. As there was no oil in the truck we had to walk, walk, and walk.

Much of the soil was sand. Our feet were sore and blistered. We suffered very much but we walked and walked and walked, but now in pain. We passed a Catholic village where a man gave us a chair, so we sat down. I said, "I cannot go on, my feet are too sore." Dinzau went on to Kikongo. I got some sleep that night and the next day walked on sores but finally had to stop. A kipoy was sent from Kikongo to get me, but it was left on the bank of the river Wamba. Simoni Salabiauku carried me on his back and the tears dropped from his eyes. That night we arrived at Kikongo.

Mafioti and Nkuangu went on to service at Kinkosi but Dinzau and I stayed at Kikongo; our feet were too blistered and sore to go. We took off our shirts and wrapped them around our feet so that we could walk. Mr. MacDiarmid gave me a pair of socks and Mr. Armstrong a pair of shoes so that I could get back to Sona Bata. Our blisters broke but we do not think of that now but of the joy and blessing of God which followed us.

We see again Popokabaka and its great need. We hear the people asking for some one to lead them to Jesus. As Dinzau said, "If we want to cross water what do we need? We need a canoe. In Popokabaka there is need of the Gospel and the canoe is our work."

We think again of Kifunga near Moanza where many brought their fetishes and burned them. The great meetings; how they did sing; how quiet they were when we preached; how quickly they responded when we asked for volunteers to pray.

We were regarded as great curiosities, and we were a source of wonder wherever we went. The people asked,

"Why have you come; what are you selling?" At one village they gave us no time to eat. All the people came running to see the old grandfathers who had come so far. At another village they marvelled at the pockets on coats. They kept putting their hands in our pockets until they fell off. We recall again at Nselo and other villages, where people said that we would have much trouble, maybe we would have rain, cold, maybe this maybe that; but my heart was strengthened when I recalled again my wife's little testimony when the letter came asking us to go on this trip. "We have been praying for a long time that there would be an opening for you to enter again into God's Work, here is your call; if you hesitate you will not receive the blessing of God." How glad I am that I heeded the call and went to this far country for I have been much blessed in telling again the story of Jesus Christ.

Moses Kikwakwa.

Moses Kikwakwa was one of the first converts in our Sona Bata field. He has been actively engaged in the service of His Master for more than thirty eight years. Although he has retired from full time service he still loves to tell the old, old story and uses every opportunity given him. The government has recognized his faithfulness by giving him a medal.

I ask not, Father, thou shouldest give
Some high or honored place,
But let me daily serve thee, Lord,
And gaze upon thy face.

"THANK YOU".

It is Bible Sunday in the open, thatch roofed church at Kikongo. Four young men are lined up in front of the congregation; the preacher reads a verse of Scripture from a new Bible and hands the Bible to one of the young men. The procedure is repeated four times, the four young men retire to their seats, but one of them, just before he turns to sit down, says "Thank you".

The Bibles are the revised version in the Kikongo dialect. The four young men are students in the boarding school at Kikongo and represent the Bambala and Bayaka tribes. Back of this simple presentation service is a story that has brought encouragement to the missionaries at Kikongo. Our poeole out here are really very poor. The boys in school do not get any money from the mission, and their relatives in the villages would be horrified at the thought of sending anything in to help boys who are in the hands of white people. Quite the contrary, these old relatives are constantly asking the boys for blankets, salt, gunpowder, and cloth. They get real sarcastic when the boys tell them that they have nothing to send.

We became quite concerned about the lack of sale of Bibles and decided to try something. Here is our plan: Our regular schedule calls for work from six to seven-thirty each morning, school from eight-fifteen to twelve, two hours off from twelve until two P.M., and work until five o'clock. This is a full day and does not leave a great deal of time for the boys to loaf around. But we offered to open a book account for any boys who wanted

to work for a Bible. They could bring up native building materials at any time outside regular work or school hours, and be credited for whatever the materials are worth at the local price. The British and Foreign Bible Society made it possible for us to reduce the price of the Bibles from twenty to fifteen francs.

Eleven boys signed up immediately and about half of them went to work seriously. It was just a month before the date set for Bible Sunday. During that month four boys gathered enough thatching grass, rock, poles for walls, long straight sticks for rafters and bundles of the vine which is split into string to tie the sticks together, to make fifteen francs' worth. Our people love a ceremony, and we did feel that the work of these boys deserved a hearty commendation. Three of them sing in the choir, so they had the added glory of parading around in front in their long white robes (made out of White Cross materials).

Each Bible had the boy's name and a verse of Scripture written in it, the latter dealing especially with the Bible as the Word of God, or the use to be made of the Bible. We have the 136th psalm set to music and we sang loudly and happily, "Let us praise the Lord, for He is good, for His mercy endureth forever." The boys and Bibles were commended to God to serve Him and their fellow men. Then, in turning to their seats, one of the boys said the "Thank you" that impressed me. I do not know just what was in his heart as he said it, but I could see the great group of people that have a part in Yilenda's thank you.

Thanks are due to the men and women who worked to translate the Bible into Kikongo, who revised it and

spent long tedious hours trying to find the word that would fit and still have the right meaning in the big field where the Kikongo literature is used. Also thanks go to the home churches who sent out and supported with prayer and money those who were doing the translating. Thanks are due to the British and Foreign Bible Society who print the Bibles and supply them to us at less than cost, thus including all those who contribute to the work of this society. But back of all this host of people thanks be to God who planned and carried out the way of salvation as set forth in the Bible.

Two of the four boys are already making use of their Bibles as village teachers. They are the ones who have daily first hand contact with the lost people of Congo. They are the ones who write them up in catechist classes, instruct them, exhort them, fight for them, and in some cases really love them. They are the ones who are primarily responsible for the thousands who are baptized each year into the membership of the church. If the Bibles get covered with dust, it is just an overnight supply that has fallen from the white ants and wood borers working in the grass roofs. The Bibles are used for the salvation of many. Since Bible Sunday many others have received their hard earned Bibles and proudly bring them around on Monday for us to put dark brown paper wrappers over the precious shiny black covers. Many more are now written up and nearly every Sunday some receive the cherished Book. If now and then they slip off from their regular job before the bell rings in order to go for a rock or a bundle of grass, what of it! They are still boys even though some of

them have wives and families.

To all of you who make it possible for the people of Congo to have the Bible we want to say "Thank you", even as did Yilenda.

B. W. Armstrong

THE SONA BATA STEAM ROLLER

"Behold I make all things new". The NEED for a new realization of a practical, every day application of religious principles to and in native life, the need of a new, a greater efficiency in the method of gospel presentation demands changes in many paths of service about and from Sona Bata. This need appears to be the activating motive power of the Sona Bata Machine to-day.

Some of the older paths need widening, others the crushing down of stones raised to the surface from frosty soil to hinder progress. Some demand rebuilding; others are being laid in virgin soil. Nothing seems impossible if done in the spirit of the Master and under His guidance. Brooding over all, however, is a spirit of deep concern because of certain social conditions developing together with the Colony and its new life. These ways are most evident as they stand out in relief, in contrast with the ways of the Master. The developement of a LAXNESS on the part of the native in relation to personal habits and conduct, in responsibility to his church obligations, in his attitude toward professed religion in general are evident. He carries a misconception of the relative values of his spiritual and physical needs. These are among the many obstacles developing in the pathway. The native believes that

his primary need demands the expenditure of his money for food such as the white man eats, for clothes like the white man wears or for amusements such as he seeks. The proper furnishing of the spiritual man and his needs becomes of secondary importance. Indulging himself in this line of thought the black man becomes the colleague of many of his white brothers in the home-land. To disillusion our friends and to create in them an appreciation of true values is one of the difficult jobs of our Sona Bata Staff.

Rev. Henry Erickson is tackling these problems and many more through a more thorough developement of native leadership. He is seeking as did his Master, through personal contact, admonition and teaching with a few leaders, in classes or otherwise, and by week-end visits to the churches or church centers (in the latter the different members of the staff take a part or turn as opportunity offers) to establish a new and more correct appreciation of true values.

A second method employed to attain our aim is Bible teaching and personal contacts with the boys, girls, men and women in the Boarding and Medical School classes. Each member of the staff has a definite part to play in forming the characters of these native students; their pattern is the Master.

"All roads lead to or from Sona Bata": they bring the youth for training to our schools, the sick for healing to our Clinics, those in need of spiritual help, of making adjustments, of rebuilding, of worship to its church; these come from far and near, north, east, south and west, from Ntondo and Moanza, from Banza Manteke and Kimpese. Each department overloaded, burdened

with its own work, is sharing and coöperating with its sister departments.

Miss Anderson, having completely reorganized the Boarding School, has only been limited, in her strenuous effort, by physical strength. The boys and girls, the class teachers, the order and discipline, together with the brightening faces bear testimony to her devotion.

Mrs. Erickson with her Woman's School, where are found the wives of the teachers and Medical School students, is training the women to become sympathetic and helpful companions to their husbands, now, and later on when these young men take on the responsibilities of the work. Although she has been but a short time on the field she has developed a splendid program which portrays long experience in her profession.

Miss Satterberg, Dr. and Mrs. Tuttle, and Dr. King are cutting out a new road as they seek to further develope young men and women and a medical service such as our Master offered for both soul and body. Here again lies a tremendous opportunity as day by day these girls and men in training circulate among the hundreds of souls who have either come here for medical aid or to take care of those in the hospital. They tell them the simple story of salvation and a future hope as they minister with their hands to the physical need. The students of the third year, second year and first year classes, as well as those of the Preparatory School, demonstrate very clearly a growth in character that could only be developed in such an environment and in association with surroundings such as those in which they are placed. The growth is commensurate with the years of training. A WAY is being cut out of virgin

soil that will lead from Sona Bata into all parts of the lower Congo, and by means of this way the gospel of healing for body and soul will travel a far.

And so the Sona Bata Steam Roller is rolling on; the separate parts maintaining their identity, doing their job, working together, sharing and coöperating, removing the difficulties from the ways. There has been no time for stops, for repairs, for the replacement of parts as there are no replacements. Vacations are strangers and recreation is little known; only change in service for a time brings rest. Here and there we occasionally hear the slight knocking of a part. A little more oil, a slower pace for a while and then the roller rolls on as before. But we are perfectly conscious of the fact that some day parts will break and that there must be new parts ready to take their places.

Judson C. King

NZOBO IS CRYING

Nzobo is crying. She is sitting out in the yard right now, hiding in the shade of the perriwinkles (or perhaps they are phlox) and crying just as hard as she can cry. And in the house the heart of the missionary lady is crying too.

What are they crying about, Nzobo and the missionary lady? They are crying because Nzobo is a problem child. Do you know what a problem child is? If you don't I'm sure that your mother will be able to tell you. It may even be that she is personally acquainted with one.

Now what under the sun do you suppose has made Nzobo a problem child! Of course the missionary lady

has known for a long, long time that Nzobo was a problem child, but at first she blamed it all on the trypanosomes. You remember, the trypanosomes are those wiggly, squirmy things that cause African Sleeping Sickness and they were swimming all over in Nzobo's blood stream until the missionary lady took her hypodermic syringe and killed them all off. And then there were the horrid hook-worms which were eating, eating away at Nzobo's insides, and even after the missionary lady had killed them off with her magic medicine, she remembered that people who have had hook-worms can't be as ambitious and careful as people who have never had them. So she kept finding excuses for Nzobo and trying not to believe she was a problem child, but just a little sick girlie who had to be loved real hard until she got well again.

But now nearly three years have passed since the missionary lady rescued little orphan Nzobo and brought her to live at the Mission Station. It has been ever and ever so long since the trypanosomes and the ankylostomes and all the other "omes" have been chased away and Nzobo is just as well and strong as anybody could be now.

But oh, oh! Is she a problem! She will soon be eleven years old and is getting to be quite a big girlie now... quite big enough to wash herself and keep her toes clean. But dearie me, do you think she will? Never on your life. And oh, how she hates to work, even a tiny little bit of work like covering up her food so that the flies won't get at it, or sweeping up the banana peels she throws on the ground, or putting her blanket in the sun to air. And of course she doesn't like to work in

the garden with the other girls.

The missionary lady has tried every single way she can think of to make Nzobo be a nice clean little girl. The little Congo girls just dearly love beads, so the missionary lady gave her a box of pretty bright beads if only she would promise to be clean. And Nzobo stayed clean almost two days... not quite ... and then she kept right on being just as dirty as she ever was.

When the new little girls came to school and there were three girls from an entirely new tribe who had never been here to school before, the missionary lady thought that here was a wonderful opportunity to have Nzobo become clean and good. So when each new girl was given a big sister from among the girls who had been here before. Tiny, laughing, little Sudila was chosen to be Nzobo's little sister and Nzobo was charged to teach Sudila all the ways of the Mission Station. Surely, thought the missionary lady, Nzobo will want to be good now so as to teach Sudila the new ways. But dearie me, it didn't last even one day. Nzobo kept right on being lazy and dirty as dirty can be. She was not sullen you understand. On the contrary she was a dear, mischievous little imp, and because she was so mischievous, the missionnary lady just couldn't find it in her heart to be very angry with her. And always she kept remembering that Nzobo had not had a mother to teach her how to be clean and good. So the day that Nzobo stole some beads from a house in the nearby workmen's village, the missionary lady wasn't very severe because she remembered that when Nzobo was a tiny little girl she didn't have anyone to give her anything, and if she wanted to eat she had to steal her food.

And so every day the missionary lady has kept on trying to teach Nzobo how to be clean and good, and she has learned a lot of things you know. She has learned that it is wrong to steal and she doesn't lie hardly at all any more, at least not anywhere near as must as she used to.

But for months now the missionary lady just hasn't known what to do. No matter how hard she tries, Nzobo just WILL not keep her toes clean. I've already told you about the little jiggers that are lurking around in the sand just itching to get into folk's toes. When the jigger season is at its height, everybody has to dig them out of their toes most every day. It doesn't feel a bit nice to have to take a needle or pointed stick and dig into one's toes after them, but, oh, it is ever so much worse if you don't dig them out right away. And Nzobo just won't ever dig hers out herself. When the missionary lady has one of the older girls do it, Nzobo runs away and hides. Or if she is taken to the dispensary for the nurse to do it she just kicks and screams and yells.

The missionary lady tries the methods recommended by the modern psychologists (do you know what they are) and she has even tried a good-old-fashioned spanking..... and still Nzobo hobbles around with her jigger infested toes.

It is school vacation time now and most of the little girls have gone home to their villages. Just a few girls are at the dormitory and each day some of them work in the manioc gardens planting food for next year. They get paid according to the measure of planting they do.

Yesterday Nzobo said that she wanted to be paid too. She didn't want the missionary lady to give her food

and clothing, she wanted money instead. So the missionary lady said, "All right, tomorrow you can work by measure with the other girls".

Poor little mischievous Nzobo..... even on the first day it wasn't any fun to work, and when she got all thru she had earned just five centimes, which would not be enough to buy more than a sixth of a loaf of bread, with no caterpillars or peanuts or anything to go with it. And that is why Nzobo is sitting out here in the yard crying; she's quite sure that she could never fill her big hungry "tummy" with five centimes worth of food.

And the heart of the missionary lady is crying because she isn't quite sure what she ought to do. Should she let little Nzobo go to bed with her tummy not quite full? Or should she run out and love Nzobo so hard she will stop crying? What do you think?

V. L. Smith

THE KING'S DAUGHTERS

"When you teach a man, you teach an individual. When you teach a woman, you teach a whole family." These familiar words have impressed me. Last month the Agent Sanitaire visited our Moanza school. He was very much interested in the boys' classes. We then went over to the church where the girls' classes are held. He turned to me with a puzzled expression, "But, Mademoiselle, do you find that the jeunes filles (young women) are capable of learning?" With much pride I showed him the work of some of our girls who have been on the station only a short time, and he listened to them read

from the Bible. He seemed scarcely able to believe what he had seen and heard. How many people have the impression that Congo women are incapable of learning. I find the majority of our women very keen to learn and of an intelligence far superior to that of many of our teachers.

This school year I am blessed in having a triumvirate of three fine Christian women attending school and assisting me with the girls. I should like to introduce you to these daughters of the King. "The king's Daughter is all glorious within." These noble women have risen above the fears and superstitions that keep African womanhood on such a low level. The truth in Christ has indeed made them all glorious within. First there is Naomi, Samueli Mpambu's young widow. After Mpambu's death she changed her name from Annette to Naomi. She has two beautiful little children. She finds time to act as matron in Kintwadi (meaning "The Fellowship", name of the girls' compound), she supervises the girls' garden work and when the mondo sounds for school Naomi is always in her place ready to teach her class. She mothers the girls and helps them with their problems and difficulties as no white woman could do. God has kindled a fire in the heart of Naomi and the sparks from that fire are flying to many a heathen village. Her little mud home beside the lupangu (compound) is a refuge to many a girl and woman. She receives for her services food and clothing for herself and her family, and 25 cents a month. That is service, and what an investment.

Next comes Malata, an attractive woman with her brightly colored native dress. She has had educational

advantages at Kimpese. Malata and her husband Samueli now fill a big place in our station life, both sincere Christians with a passion to serve our Lord. Malata has three little children, but she seldom misses a day at school. Besides her reading class she teaches the girls Bible memorization twice a week. She prays, "Lord, as I plant peanuts in the hearts of these girls, grant an abundant harvest".

Then there is Malia, our infirmier's wife. She and Lubeme came to us this year through the kindness of our Vanga friends. Malia carries herself like a princess. She is tall and dignified, a splendid type of womanhood. She helps me with my sewing class Thursday afternoons, she teaches a class in reading, and is always ready to give a message or to help in any way. These splendid women have won the girls' respect and loyalty through interest and mutual liking; these things are of value to girls who are going to be mothers. I have watched the girls grow under their influence. God is achieving things thru these African daughters, and many others. In secluded, little villages God is laying His hand upon girls and sending them to Kintwadi that they too may be trained to become Christian wives and mothers.

One of our finest girls was married last month to Vwaka, a promising teacher. Malela came to Kintwadi when she was quite young. She has developed into an attractive young woman and is greatly loved by all the girls. For two years she has been teaching a class in the Boarding School, and this year she was made monitor of her dormitory. Now she has gone out to teach other girls and women His way. The majority of our girls marry our teachers and many of them are doing a bigger

work than their teacher-husbands. Most of them marry at about the age of sixteen so we do not have them very long. Some of them would gladly delay their marriage, but their parents will not permit them to wait. They must have the help of the son-in-law.

There is another side to the picture. There are hundreds of evil women in this land trying to destroy our teaching and to bind their daughters in their heathen customs. The question is: How are we to reach these older women who cling to their filth and heathenism? They must be reached for Christ. Pray for the womanhood of Africa that all may become King's Daughters.

Ruth Dickey

THE FREDERICKSONS' DIARIES

Jan. 13th, 1892, I baptized two boys, Muanzi and my cook Muntete, both fine, promising boys. Muanzi preached for some years. Muntete during a serious illness withstood bravely the threats of the witch doctors as he refused their black-art and died a true Christian.

Jan. 16th, Rev. J. Chester Hyde, of our Mission, returned from Stanley Pool. He was on his way home to the United States, but as I was alone he consented to stay with me for eight or nine months. He took charge of our little school of eighteen boys.

Since January there has been a growing interest in the Gospel. Eight have confessed Jesus Christ as their Savior and are under instruction for baptism.

Mar. 6th, I started a school in Mbuba. The chief, Makabi, is a big, cruel man. He has 45 wives. He calls himself "Dom Pedro". This title has come down from

about 1490 when the Portuguese kings tried to influence the chiefs in Congo. This Dom Pedro of Mbuba received me kindly and asked me to start a school for boys in his village. I slept in his house. He killed a goat and gave it to me as a present, but most of it was stolen in the night while I was asleep. I tried to persuade the chief to give us a house for a school, but he wanted me to buy it. As Mbuba is a large village with several hundred people I was anxious to begin work in it, so I paid 900 brass-rods, the value of two dollors, for two houses. Mbuba is six miles from Kindzila. Two boys from Mbuba have been with us at the station and have learned to read and write. They have been baptized. Makindu is the teacher in his own town. I gave him four slates, pencils, and wall-sheets with syllables and words in Kikongo. There are twenty boys in the school.

Mar. 21st, I had a message that the chief of Mbuba had been killed in a palaver with another tribe to which he had gone to settle a debt owed him. The fight was in a woods. Before the chief died he commanded that they shoot sixty people belonging to the tribe of the man who shot him, and thus he died. A woman who had been married into Mbuba village had betrayed the chief, telling the other poeple that he was coming to take prisoners.

Now the people blamed the death of their chief on the school which I had started in Mbuba. They destroyed the houses and wall-sheets, but the teacher saved the slates and brought them to me. The people are stirred up over the shooting of their chief so that the school work begun will stop for some time.

I had to go see Dr. Sims at Staniey Pool. I had

not been well. On my return trip I intended to visit Mbuba village. On my third day out we passed through Mpangila, a native market. Here the carriers bought their food. When we were about to leave they refused to go through Mbuba because a woman had warned them that if I came to Mbuba they would kill me. I did not believe that to be true, but they were sure. They took a round about way, walking for all they were worth from eleven o'clock in the morning till six o'clock in the evening, without rest. When we had crossed a stream we were then outside the territory which belonged to the Mbuba people. There the carriers put down their loads, went down to the stream for a drink of water, and then came up to me, saying, "White man, give us a good present, we have saved your life". Then we walked a mile further through bush and grass, where there were no roads, to a village where a man permitted me to sleep in a new house he was building, with only three walls finished. Next morning we reached Kindzila.

I went one day over to Kisantu village, a walking distance of about sixteen miles from Kindzila. The chief, Mbulu (meaning jackal), was ill and had about fifty fetishes placed around him. He heard the Gospel. Returning I wished to pass through Madimba village, but my men did not dare to go that way, so I went alone with my jacket on my shoulder and a slender stick in my hand. The village received me friendly and offered me a rooster. This village was said to have a population of 2, 000, and, as the Congo people say, was "a town of a hundred guns" that is, a hundred men able to carry arms.

A messenger from Nkisi brought word that one of the State men was very ill. Mr. Hyde went to see him and, finding him dying from dysentery, brought him to Kindzila where we did all we could for him. While I was watching over him during the night he thanked me for our kindness to him. He died five o'clock next morning. I made a coffin from box board and when the two other State men arrived, who were sent for, we had a service at the grave, leaving our brother, a stranger, in the hands of a loving God. His grave is at Kindzila, he being the second white man buried there.

Sept. 9th, I received the letter from Norway sent by my wife, on Jan. 6th, announcing the birth of our daughter Elizabeth born Jan. 4th. The long delay of this letter at the post offices had worried me much. Generally mails take four months between Europe and Kindzila.

Mrs. F.: In June we had the joy of entertaining Rev. and Mrs. Christian Nelson in my home in Norway. They are sent by our Mission Society in Boston and are on their way from the States to Kindzila to take the place of Mr. Broholm. They are young people and look forward to their share in the glorious work in that great field in Congo. Mr. Nelson was born in Denmark and Mrs. Nelson in Norway. Her whole family crossed over to the States. Her brother Walentine was a true boy-preacher. He preached three times a day to the passengers on the steamer, he was then just thirteen years of age. Walentine Finwall is now a Baptist minister in the United states. (Editor's Note: At the present writing he is a pastor in San Fernando, California.)

The Nelsons arrived at Kindzila on Sept. 17th, 1892. They occupy Mr. Broholm's house.

(To be continued)

M. and P. Frederickson

MOANZA NEWS NOTES.

In December Miss Dickey and I had a very pleasant ten-days itinerary, returning home on Christmas morning. We found much to rejoice our hearts, but also many things to grieve them. In several villages teachers were away and not on the job, but in most of them they were there attending to their work. One village especially made us happy. We did not know we were so near this village, where a very fine Mission girl had gone with her teacher-husband, until Miss Dickey received a note from her asking us to visit their village. We changed our plans in order to do so, and were not sorry. The fine, enthusiastic, well-behaved group of people who met us and could not do enough for us, as well as the neat little church and lupangu with it's orderly garden of fruit trees and vegetables, spoke much for the splendid influence of Hanga and her hushand. The service was well attended and we found that the work was progressing.

At one village we had in our audience five chiefs. All of them were very attentive to the message given, but one of them informed us that he had no sin! At another village a chief told of having turned to God when Miss Dickey itinerated more than two years ago. Not only he, but others as well, testified that he was walking in the way of God and that his life had been completely changed.

School re-opened January 6, after more than a month's vacation. The famine was the cause for this unusually long Christmas vacation. It was still hard to get food in January, but now more is coming in and we hope that before long there will be enough and to spare. The rice crop from the Mission garden is yielding a good return.

Moanza has had a terrific heat wave for the last couple of weeks. Even the school children are exhausted by it and are quite limp long before the end of the day.

Mr. Bubeck is out in the district on an extended itinerary and we are praying much that God will open the way into the hearts of chiefs and people as he goes into new territory.

Alice O. Jorgenson

THE MINISTRY OF HEALING AT NTONDO.

Ntondo has rightly been called the Paradise of our Congo Mission stations. It is situated on a beautiful lake and surrounded by a large variety of fruit trees and other beautiful gifts of nature. We are appreciative of all this beauty, yet we are more appreciative of the great work that lies before us.

Our Ministry of Healing puts us in touch with hundreds of natives, including the pygmy. What confidence the natives place in us! How thankful we are for medicine for Sleeping Sickness, medicine that works such a miracle in the bodies of those afflicted! How thankful we are for those who have labored before us and have paved the way of confidence, and who by their interest and self-sacrifice have through the Great Physician been

able to accomplish results not only in healing bodies but souls! Among those who have paved the way is Dr. Hjalmar Ostrom who passed away last year. What a pity that he did not have the opportunity of working in our new hospital and of having all the facilities that make medical work an enjoyment. We realize that we are reaping the results of much of his early labors. It was he who helped the natives establish confidence in medicine, in spite of the dreadful hold of witch doctors.

Here at Ntondo it has been extremely interesting to get acquainted with an entirely different type of medical work than that of the Lower Congo. There Sleeping Sickness and yaws have practically disappeared, and dispensaries are situated within two or three hours of practically every village, at least in our Banza Manteke field. Here one can walk for days and not see any sign of a hospital or dispensary. Here too it seems that we have more than our share of tsetse flies. However, in spite of being on a lake, we have very few anopheles mosquitos.

Statistics tell a story and yet they do not tell all. Some of our statistical high spots for the year 1935 are as follows: 2983 individuals registered and helped, besides these Dr. Westcott in various centers examined 6844 for endemic diseases. There were 326 Sleeping Sickness cases, 1898 patients who received injections for yaws and other diseases, 21 lepers registered, 1102 treated for intestinal parasites, and 105 operations performed before Dr. Westcott left for furlough in July.

Our Infant welfare work has 245 enrolled. It has often been said that the little African baby is the sweetest of all. You possibly do not agree to this, but if

you could step into our clinic and see some of the little ones peeking around the corner just to get an invitation to sit on your lap, you would think them the sweetest ever. Here at Ntondo we are given native names. Mine is Mama Ncase. There are already several little ones bearing my name. We are supposed to feel flattered when after due consideration the new born baby is given our name. Well, I do feel flattered.

One day I overheard a conversation between two little girls. One, a stranger, asked who the strange white mama was. The other one replied, "O, that is Mama Ncase, she gives us soap, but we get none if we are dirty or if we have jiggers". We trust that clean habits are formed even though some may get a thorough cleaning only once a week. We are confident that through the lectures given much sickness is avoided.

We always seem to have some excitement around here. Recently we have had a man with Sleeping Sickness who had stayed in his village until he became a terror to all, being then in the advanced stage. While here he tore down two houses where he was isolated. Handcuffs did not restrain him much. His one aim and ambition was to get a hold of Mama Ncase because she was the one who had given the infirmiers permission to put him in restraints. Now after several treatments he is as meek as a lamb, and to express his gratitude he fell on his knees. Is it any wonder that we are thankful for the medicines at our disposal? To these natives it is nothing short of a miracle. Our patients do our advertising and I sometimes think they advertise too extensively.

A young pygmy girl who because of her terrible condition had evidently become an outcast, heard from

one of our advertisers who had returned to the village; she grasped at hope. She came and hid around here for some time, seemingly afraid to approach her white mama. She was a sight to behold, but now after treatment she is a new creature. Before going home she said, "Mama, I have a little brother who is very bad". "Well", I said, "You will tell him to come here, won't you?" How happy she must be to jostle with the crowd. We trust that these people will go home with a message that will never leave them. What a wonderful message we have to give them.

At a recent baptismal service ninety nine were baptised. Some of the church problems may appear amusing to us, but they are discussed in length and seriousness by the deacons. There is the case of a man who took good care of his wife when she had Sleeping Sickness, he gave her clothes. Now the husband has Sleeping Sickness and the wife has left him and married somebody else. Should the husband be taken from the church roll? Are parents Christians who give their daughters away in marriage to non-Christians? Can a young girl who marries an old man who already has a number of wives be a Christian? And so the complicated sessions go on.

A missionary had just returned from furlough. When he asked his little son to pray the lad remarked, "Why, Daddy, is God here too?" Yes, God is here; and although we get discouraged at the laxness of the people at times, yet we take new hope and courage when we see those who are striving to live the Christ life and by example are showing others a better way of living.

Pray for our deacons and teachers, for our hospital

workers and for our leaders. If they catch the vision, others will.

Esther Ehnbom.

KIKONGO NEWS NOTES.

The school Christmas vacation was of necessity prolonged due to the famine, but we were finally able to open in February when the new rice crop was harvested and when some of the new manioc gardens were ready to use. We were glad to send out the word that girls, as well as boys, might come. Last fall there was no dormitory for them as the old one was too far gone to try to repair again and the new ones were not ready. Now we have three good grass buildings, each housing about twenty girls. The boys' housing conditions were not much better, but they can build their own houses during work time. We shall be glad to get permanent buildings at Kikongo for much time and money is put into repairing and replacing these temporary buildings.

We had the real misfortune to lose our little maternity ward by fire in February. While it was old, and seemed about to fall down, it was still giving service almost constantly. With several women coming each month to receive the help Miss Anderson gives so efficiently, a new ward to replace it is one of our greatest needs. Even some village women are coming to Kikongo to wait for their babies. Those who know these primitive tribes out here will recognize that as a real forward step.

It was a pleasure for us to have our veteran missionary on the field, Mrs. Bain, as a guest during the Christmas holidays. It is an inspiration to us younger

missionaries to see the vigor and joy with which she still works, though it is more than forty years since she first came to Congo. Vanga has been generous to us; in February Dr. Witt came and spent nearly two weeks here, doing the surgical work that had been awaiting her. We had a good time and look forward to her coming again.

The tithers' club had a party some weeks ago. The most popular game was putting the tail on the pig (since we have no donkeys in Congo on which to put a tail). The wisecracks from the onlookers were funnier than the attempts of those blindfolded to find the right place. One boy, while blindfolded, was groping around with uplifted face to see if any ray of light might enter underneath the bandage when this remark was heard from the sidelines: "He is trying to smell the pig to find it." A few members are being added to this club from time to time. The propaganda is being spread quietly among individuals with emphasis on complete consecration of time and talents as well as money. We think members are growing in their understanding of what the Lord expects of those who declare themselves as dedicated to Him.

After getting used to the luxury of running water, pumped up to the station by the hydraulic ram that Mr. Smith installed, we had a decided shock one morning when the water failed to come through the faucet. The water had worked itself down under the rock and concrete foundation of the dam and had made a leak large enough to carry away all the water stored up by the dam. It required nearly two weeks of hard labor to make the necessary repairs. We hope it stays fixed permanently.

In the January number of the Congo News Letter there was a short article about Musekele, one of our dispensary helpers. Since that article was written Musekele has had a real trial of his faith in the death of his little daughter. She lay ill for weeks before she finally passed away, and through the long, difficult time both Musekele and his wife proved that their faith in Christ completely possesses their hearts to the exclusion of the old belief in fetishes. The little girl died on a Sunday morning, and at the morning service Musekele brought a special gift to the church "for God's goodness in having give them the child." Such a thing had never before been seen here and it was a wonderful testimony to those who witnessed it.

Rhoda Armstrong.

A PASTORS' AND DEACONS' CONFERENCE AT VANGA.

Some events are of more than passing interest, so even though it all happened some two months ago, I want to pass along the word regarding our first Conference of Pastors and Deacons of the Vanga field. But in order to appreciate its full significance one ought to have a glimpse of its background.

On our return from furlough a year ago we found the central church shaken by a recent and terrible case of witchcraft in one of the villages near the Mission. This has proven to be but the first of several such cases, although this was the worst, and one in which no redress has ever been made by the State. There was a great difference of opinion also as to what course to pursue when several cases of slavery of old standing came

to our attention, with endless ramifications and far reaching issues as to marriage involved. In fact, no one of these evils which have preyed upon Congo life can ever be isolated in itself, but is interwoven into every other activity and sphere of their lives.

One of our Kimpese graduates, a pastor, had but recently separated from his wife and children and was openly flaunting another woman in his house at the church center itself. Somehow the people had conceived the notion that after a consecration service had been held for him, such a fall would be impossible. And when it did happen they were at a loss as to how to deal with it, even though they saw the evil of it. In other words, how far could they go without the Missionary to guide them? This brought the question of marriage and divorce to the fore and it seemed evident that the time was ripe for a conference of the six churches in order that they might act unitedly.

Still another growing problem was that of the relation of the village catechists, or teachers, to the native church. Ever since the opening of the work the teacher had been the central figure around which authority and instruction centered. Gradually, as was to be expected, the forming of local churches apart from the Mission station, placing of pastors and choosing of deacons, caused these functions to pass, to a large extent, into the hands of the pastors and deacons. It has been a trying experience for the teachers. Some have resented it bitterly. Others are confused. And a small group have stood loyally by the church. The problem has been intensified by the low spiritual plane to which many of the teachers have fallen, and by their trying to force the

issue by putting up a united front. They have found, however, that the church is awakening to her strength and is capable of dealing discipline even to them. But there was grave danger of faction and division. The pastors and deacons did nobly in the face of most trying circumstances, and have been to us the bright spot in the midst of many disappointments.

We had several times tried to set a date for such a gathering but it was not until the Christmas vacation that the way seemed clear. December 16-23 six pastors and a group of thirty deacons including seven village teachers, two station teachers and an infirmier, met at Vanga. Rather to my surprise nothing was said to us about entertainment, they themselves assuming it as a matter of course to care for themselves. For myself, I have not passed so enjoyable and profitable a week for many, many months. Evidently they were of the same mind for they were anxious that we should set a date for another such conference this year.

We began mornings and afternoons with a devotional period. Only a rough agenda had been suggested but at the first session the following was adopted.

1. Choice of Kimpese candidates. Shall they go over land or continue to be sent down by boat?
2. What adjustment can be made in teachers' pay, and by whom?
3. Regional schools. Location and support.
4. Deacons. Term of office. Other officers.
5. Pastors' vacations.
6. Marriage and dowry.
7. Sex instruction in the villages.

8. Games and dances.
9. Women's work.
10. A goal for the future.
11. Care of widows and aged. Pension of teachers.
12. Smoking.
13. Divorce and discipline.

Madioko, our head infirmier and pastor, was chosen moderator. Ngumina, a pastor and Kotho, a station teacher, were chosen minute secretaries. The deacons were a bit awed and most of the preliminary discussion was by the pastors. Gradually, however, the others forgot themselves in growing interest and before the end of the day discussions were keen and sometimes heated, but the finest spirit prevailed throughout, even when there was a decided difference of opinion.

1. There was a long discussion about the means of travel for Kimpese students. I pointed out that this year we had paid out over 3500 francs for passage money. Could we keep it up or would it not be cheaper to send them the three weeks over land? They felt that it would not, on the grounds that if they had to change to strange carriers en route they would be bled of every cent they had before arriving. But they felt that the churches ought to be able and willing to assume part of the burden. I was a bit disappointed but reasoned that once they began to feel the financial strain of it they would very likely be willing to reconsider. It was agreed that the churches should take the responsibility of choosing their candidates for Kimpese.

2. Ngumina, a pastor, raised the question as to whether in the future pastors and churches should make their own arrangements or the pastor continue

to be placed by the missionary. I was asked to give them some idea of what we did in the home land, but after doing so as frankly as possible, I pointed out the dangers and possibilities as I saw them while at the same time urging them to decide for themselves. In order to help them to feel that these issues were their own problems we again and again recalled the Antioch Church. What did they think this church would have done? They finally agreed that each church should choose a financial committee who would make a preliminary survey and that when the missionary could be present with them they would take some definite action to adjust teachers' and pastors' pay. Back of the discussion I sensed that Ngumina particularly, and maybe one or two others, felt that once finances were in the hands of the church itself they would be able to hold out for a substantial raise in salary. And I made a mental note to do some coaching of these committees on the side in order that they might know how to handle such a situation.

3. Regional schools. Yes, they needed and wanted them, if the churches could support them. They readily saw how impossible it would be for the Mission to assume this burden alone. I was surprised to find them quite unanimous in wanting the schools at the church centers. Formerly they had opposed it, thinking it would lead to disputes. Native wisdom and foresight here came to the fore when Kotho and Makopo, the latter one of the Regional school "moniteurs", wanted the relationship of the school to the church clearly defined. Who would be first in authority, the pastor or the

moniteur? What would be the relation of the pastor to the school? If the moniteur was at fault who would report it and to whom, the church or the missionary? They agreed to choose two committees for each school. One composed of the faculty to deal with all school matters and another from the church to deal with all moral issues.

4. Deacons. Here again I was disappointed. I had hoped that they would feel that a deacon's office was not necessarily a life term but that it might be good for the church to have a rotation in order to train some of the younger men in service. But they felt that these advantages could be gained some other way and that it was better for the office that a man should not be dropped except in cases which were worthy of discipline and suspension from the church itself. I comforted myself that this was not irrevocable and that further experience might cause them to alter their opinions. Each church should choose two clerks, an older and a younger man.

5. As I expected, the question of vacation was the occasion of a heated debate. Ngumina has grieved us by hinting that sooner or later he was going to insist on six months in his town. I sympathize with these men who during these four years have been carrying heavy burdens. And it is natural that they should feel that to get away from it for a time would restore spiritual poise. But I tried to point out the dangers and the fallacy of thinking that a matter of time alone would restore spiritual joy. I rejoiced when Luhonda and Madioko reminded Ngumina that if his was a spiritual burden of the Lord he would not shake it by going to his village for six months, and that once

there he very likely would not a be any more contented.

When this question of pastors' vacations came up, the deacons began to prick up their ears. Did it mean that they would perhaps be away at the time of the monthly gatherings? "Well, wouldn't that be good for you deacons? If we pastors were absent once in awhile maybe you would appreciate us more. And it would be well to see what you could do if put to it." Some of the deacons were a bit intrigued by this last suggestion but their courage wasn't equal to it. So they voted the pastors three weeks vacation each year, time to be arranged by conference of the pastor and deacons, only he must not be absent over the time of the monthly gathering. Teachers, if their work was good, would be given two weeks vacation each year.

6. Discussion of marriage was postponed and the question of sex instruction considered. In spite of the tremendous place of sex in all of native life and thought, I found a good deal of reticence about facing the issue squarely. I tried to point out to them the danger to the church of a growing moral laxity, and that they could hardly evade the question even if they would like to. I had formerly had a long talk with Izan, one of the pastors, in regard to the training of his own children, he himself having come to ask light on the subject. As we got deeper into the discussion I began to realize that their seeming reticence was not so much indifference as not knowing how to proceed, and a feeling that they might be assuming prerogatives that had always been in the hands of the elders of the tribe. I argued that they must realize that the Church was now the primary force of influence in this whole area. As its leaders,

and with their spiritual enlightenment, it was certainly fitting that they assert their right to lead and guide in such matters. They agreed finally to take the matter up with the teachers first. Once they were convinced of the method of approach they felt convinced they could arouse the parents to the necessity of proper training. I feel confident that seed was sown, fruit of which we shall later reap.

7. Marriage. What is the relation of dowry to marriage? Does its payment give the right to co-habit, or should marriage have the sanction of some other ceremony? In spite of a growing inclination to view dowry payment as giving the right to co-habit, they were not long in deciding that this the Church could not accept. But I was hardly prepared to expect it when they proceeded to vote that, after a period of six months, in which time word could be disseminated, all future marriages of converts and church members should be by the pastor. And would I make out some form of a certificate that they could use. The question of dowry was an interesting one and I sat back to enjoy the discussion. Here I met with indication that they had been doing some real thinking of their own. Payment of the dowry, they agreed, was becoming an increasing evil and a source of endless dispute. But they feared lest doing away with it would cause the women to feel that they were being degraded. I am convinced that every one of these men felt that unless something was paid there would be a general feeling that the marriage was not valid. Nevertheless, because it would be next to impossible to enforce any fixed limit as to dowry, it would be

better to brave abolishing it altogether. Kotho made the point that although they were willing to marry their children without dowry, even felt obligated to do it for the sake of the Church, yet their problem would always be the attitude taken by the Leme, the maternal uncle; because although the dowry was paid to the father or grandfather it was the Leme who had the primary say as to whom the girl might marry. So the logical thing to do was to seek that the father should have the custody of the children, and that the authority now vested in the Leme should pass to the father. Then Christian parents could see their children married as they saw best, without the interference of the relatives. But at present, if the Leme was not in accord, this was next to impossible. If they refused to accept dowry he could, if he wished, retaliate by refusing permission for the girl to marry. They assured me that there was a growing agitation for this change and they even requested that I approach the Government to see what the reaction would be to legislation to that effect.

A vote was taken: "Those in favor of neither receiving or paying any dowry for marriage". It was just about an even vote. Did greed enter into the consideration of some? Or was the pull of custom too strong? I do not know. I do know that those who voted as in favor were the more spiritually minded of the group, and I felt that our little group had taken a prodigious step in the right direction even though they could come to no agreement.

8. When it came to the matter of village games, interest was only lukewarm. But after we had begun to question them and to tell of some of our own games they

began to be aroused. "Bull in the ring! Why yes, we have a game very much like that, but we guess it is not played much now." Soon discussion grew warm, pro and con, as to the merits of certain games. Ten were chosen as worthy to be fostered by the Church in an effort to stem the tide of dancing in the villages. This list of ten could be published in our little teachers' paper with the rules so the different sections could play them.

9. Discussion of women's work aroused no great enthusiasm although they admitted the need of a wider field of activity for them. They would try to overcome their own prejudices and to encourage the women in those services peculiar to their province. They would also try to provide opportunity for the women to have a greater part in not only the village services but also in those at the church centers.

11. I had suggested this topic, not so much expecting any definite action as feeling that they ought to discuss it before it became more acute. A particular instance gave it point. An old teacher had been sick for several months and had been paid regularly from Mission funds. Now that he is recovered and we had insisted he must go to work, he has been bitter in his condemnation of the Mission and all connected with it. Where should we draw the line, who should be responsible for such cases, and where should funds come from. They felt some one surely should see that they were cared for in their later years! But they also admitted that this ought not to be the responsibility of the Mission. What did the white man do? So I told them a bit about pensions, insurance and

savings banks. They agreed that they could and ought to begin to save. Would the Mission be willing to act as a sort of bank for them? Could some site be made available near the Mission where there could be a village for aged workers? They might have a superintendent paid by the Church to care for the more infirm. Then Ngumina told us that in his church field every village has its "kisuekele", or fund, raised by the Christians and out of which they help those in need. This was so good that it was adopted as one of the goals for the year: "That every village of the Mission should have such a fund administered by the believers."

12. They recognized the difficulty of making any ruling as regards smoking, especially in those areas where smoking is common even from childhood. Yet it was better to set a high standard. Church members now smoking would be put on six months probation to break the habit; at the end of that period they would be subject to suspension if they continued to smoke. If a teacher, he would be dropped from the work.

13. The last item, discipline and divorce, was intensely interesting to me. One can hardly give all the details of the lengthy discussion, but out of it grew definite action. Where a man took a second wife, rejecting the other, he was to be suspended. There would be periodic attempts to bring about an adjustment. But if at the end of two years the man still refused to return to his first wife then she was free to remarry, but he could never again be restored to church membership. If the innocent wife died in the interal the result would be the same. And of course this was equally true if the woman was the offending party.

Two more items. First, just as an aftermath of the Conference. Last month I received a communication from Ngumina. They had already chosen their financial committee and voted to raise his pay from 75 to 100 francs a month, teachers to be raised from one to five francs as per list enclosed. Would I sanction their action? I wrote that I certainly could not, that I felt it was no time to think of raises and that in any case I doubted if it would ever be right for a pastor to get 100 francs a month until the general scale of living changed in the villages. And I pointed out several things they had failed to consider. Their total income did not equal the proposed pay list. Even tho they had a fair credit balance it would not last long. And they were making no provision for the care of a regional school. I insisted, however, that if they wanted to persist in their decision I would not prevent them but that they would be responsible for any deficit incurred. Experience will be the best teacher.

The other item is the wonderful testimony of Madioko given while we were discussing smoking. He related how he had learned to smoke while at Léopoldville. Even then he had been urged to give it up by several missionaries who themselves smoked (not of the A. B. F. M. S.) Returning to Vanga he hid it during several months. Finally Mr. Nugent found it out and begged him to give it up. Also Dr. Leslie. But none of their arguments convinced him at the time. One day at his devotions he began to think of it and to pray thus: "Lord, you know all about this smoking of mine. And you know how so many have advised against it, men whom I respect for their wisdom and character. But I

haven't seen any wrong in it. Yet it does seem strange to me that they all should agree if there is no wrong in it. Now, Lord, no one else knows that I have talked to you about it and so they can't influence me. But if you see that it is wrong, just show it to me and take the desire for it out of my heart." And do you know it was only a few days until I just hated the stuff.

Lewis A. Brown

GOOD AND FAITHFUL SERVANTS

Visitors to Kimpese these past months must have felt how swiftly things change in Congo. The old central part of E.P.I. remains, and will remain, but E.P.I. has spread. Not only is there the attractive new bungalow built by Mr. Morrish and now occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Thompson but, away on the eastern and western slopes, there are new, or rather enlarged, villages for the Congo Community. On the western hill we have Divangamene, the village for the permanent staff of work folk employed at the Mission; and on the eastern hill we have Luvuvamu, the ever expanding village built to accommodate the increasing number of student families. Luvuvamu means "Peace and Rest", the name being given, facetiously, by the students themselves because being so far removed from the center of things they hoped to be free from the inspections and demands of visiting missionaries. The coming weeks will see a famous landmark disappear. The temporary shop has been a blot on the landscape for years. New premises have been built, and when the roof is complete the workshop and equipment will find, we hope, a

permanent home in these new airy and spacious quarters.

But there have been other changes, which are certainly known to missionaries who have been intimate with Kimpese through the years. Mr. and Mrs. Moon no longer lead the institution, although happily they still share in its direction and favour us with all too brief visits from time to time. And for this present session Dr. Mabie also is away, being home on an overdue furlough. However, some old friends remain on year after year and it is their presence that does so much to maintain continuity and to assure visiting missionaries that this is the same Kimpese they have known, served and loved.

First we have Joseph Luvengika and his wife Nellie. Luvengika is familiarly and affectionately called "Kapita", that is "Foreman". Many who hold him in highest regard do not know his real name, so completely is he absorbed in his serevice. Kapita knew the ground here before a house was built. He has worked at Kimpese from the day when Mr. Moon founded the Mission until now, and he has kept pace with all the growth from those early days. No one knows the estate better than he and no one guards it more jealously and carefully. He takes few holidays, his whole life is wrapped up in his service. Kimpese is written on his heart. He is the valued friend of all, missionaries, students and work folk; and many could tell of the help they receive from his stedfast Christian character and from his wise and timely counsel in an hour of need. Again and again we have urged him to preach in the Kimpese Church but he will not assent; he prefers to do what he can do

really well, and the extent of that service will never be known to man; it is known only to God.

With Kapita we have his friend, and our colleague, Timoteo Vingadio who will soon complete 20 years at Kimpese. Prior to his coming to Kimpese, Timoteo was a tried and trusted leader in the Banza Manteke district. Timoteo has served in the dispensary at Kimpese, but for the past few years his main service has been in teaching and preaching. He teaches in the Women's School with dignity, patience, understanding and friendliness. He teaches the men as one who knows their problems and has trodden their paths. He preaches with great acceptance; on occasions he is outstanding in such service. During the First Educational Conference, held at Kimpese in 1931, one of the speakers referred to Timoteo as the most effective teacher at Kimpese.

With Kapita and Timoteo we have also two valued helpers in their wives Nellie and Lesa. For many years they taught in the Women's School, but with the coming of more missionary ladies they were glad to be relieved of such service. They have a sure place in the hearts of all who live at Kimpese, especially because of their sympathy and help in every kind of trouble. Is there anxiety in the home of student or work folk? Is there sickness or death? Nellie and Lesa are there, and remain there day and night, as long as they can be of any help to comfort or to serve. Each has a large household to care for, but that does not prevent their extending hospitality week in and week out to fellow Christians from afar, or to people on the Mission station whom they invite to their home for fellowship or

friendly counsel.

A third Congo member of the E.P.I. staff, uniting present days with days gone by, is Ilai Tulanda. Compared with Kapita and Timoteo, Ilai is only a young man, but he has already spent at least 16 years at Kimpese. In his younger days he was a house boy and somehow managed to serve successfully in three different households, a rare acomplishment for Congo personal servants. His last sphere in that capacity was with Dr. Mabie's household where his faithfulness and ability led to his being introduced into the work of the dispensary. Some years of training followed and eventually he was sent to the Governmment Hospital and Laboratory at Léopoldville, after which he returned to E.P.I. as an officially appointed member of the E.P.I. staff.

The growing community of student families has brought an immense amount of work to the medical department. The total population living on the Mission compound exceeds 500 souls. The medical department not only cares for all these people in times of sickness but by systematic medical examination of every individual, including the microscopic examination of the blood etc., seeks to prevent disease and to build up healthy bodies for all.

In all this Ilai renders literally heroic service. True he owes much to the training he received from Dr. Mabie and at the Government Hospital, but it is equally true that E. P. I. owes much to his untiring efficient help. The bells that ring to summon work folks and students to duty, or to set them free, do not ring for Ilai; he is at work early and late, often during the night and sometimes all night. He is never known to

complain nor to grow weary in well doing, although his work is often made more difficult by the foolish or inconsiderate behaviour (sometimes both) of the patients. His daily life is a living commentary on Paul's great words, "with good will, doing service, as unto the Lord and not unto man". Lest any should think that such work comes easy to a young man with nothing else to do, let it be said that in addition to all his dispensary duties Ilai carries all the ordinary household burdens of a normal individual. He a married man, the father of four small children; has also assumed charge of two young relatives who live with him and his wife in their home. His household cares are manifold but he is equal to every demand. Like Enoch of old he begets sons and daughters and he walks with God. Long may his bow abide in strength.

E. P. I. will be forever a monument to the distinguished service of Mr. and Mrs. Moon, and Dr. Mabie. But they themselves would bear witness to the incomparable service that these five friends Kapita and Nellie, Timoteo and Lesa and Ilai, have rendered. And all who have the work of E. P. I. upon their hearts join in earnest desire and prayer that these good friends may be spared to Kimpese for long years ahead.

There are other worthy and younger members of the Congo staff, Kiundu, Ndaki and Nseke. The missionaries now serving at E. P. I. rejoice in the fellowship of service they have with one another and with these valued African helpers. We have a great heritage and look forward to continuing the work, whatever changes may be entailed, in the same spirit in which it has been carried on by the servants of God for the past generation.

W. D. Reynolds.

"EPITOMES"
(E.P.I., KIMPESE)

Our school year opened with a total enrollment of 79 men and 64 women, with their children and helpers. Of these 50 men came from A.B.F.M.S. stations, 28 from B.M.S. and 1 from the D.C.C.M.. 33 of the men came for the Ecole Normale, 31 for the 3-year Ecole de Pasteurs and 15 for the 2-year Course. (The total enrollment last year was 80.)

Our A.B.F.M.S. stations are represented as follows.

	Ecole Normale	Ecole de Pasteurs 3-year Course	Ecole de Pasteurs 2-year Course	Total
B. Manteke	11	5	6	22
Sona Bata	5	5	2	12
Vanga	3	6	0	9
Kikongo	0	3	1	4
Tondo	0	2	0	2
Moanza	0	0	1	1
	19	21	10	50

Of the 27 new men 12 entered the Normal School, 10 the 3-year Pastor's Course and 5 the 2-year Course. The graduating class will be divided as follows: 8 from the Normal School, 9 from the 3-year Pastor's Course and 10 from the 2-year Course.

The year started out with the building and burning of a brick kiln of 160,000 bricks. Many new houses with necessary cook houses were built for student families. Two new shop buildings and a store are now under construction. All this, together with terracing etc., has kept our pupils busy in the afternoons.

The greatest piece of news from Kimpese is, of course, the decision of the Swedish Mission (S.M.F.) to throw their lot in with us. We welcome our Swedish colleagues into our ranks here at Kimpese and trust that their coming will mark another step toward making Kimpese the real contribution to the Lord's work in Congo that we want it to be.

We are looking forward to a 50 per cent change of staff this year in that Rev. and Mrs. Thompson and Rev. and Mrs. Lanoue will be going on furlough while Rev. and Mrs. Morrish and Dr. Mabie will be back with us. It doth not yet appear who will be taking Mr. Lanoue's place in the class room, if anyone. Mr. Carpenter has asked for an extension of his furlough so will not be back this year.

A class in Native Cooking has been started and, judging by the interest displayed, should make a real contribution to one side of native life. Several of the husbands have even come on Saturdays to learn what their wives have learned during the week, as they are afraid their wives might possibly forget how to make some of the dishes. It has been an eye-opener to them to find out how many variations in their otherwise so monotonous menu, are available to them out of their own native resources.

I shall not attempt to enumerate the visitors we have had during the year. I can only say that we have enjoyed them all, especially, the brief visits of Dr. and Mrs. Moon. Rev. Crane of the Morrison Bible School at Mutoto has been another welcome visitor.

Mrs. Lanoue's Baby Clinic, and her Maternity Ward, are other items of interest, but I trust that she will soon

be writing about these herself. Suffice it to say that each member of the staff at Kimpese has more than plenty to do. But this is true of every other mission station in Congo.

Martin S. Engwall.

The kindergarten is flourishing now, although until just lately we have had a bad time. Many of the children have had whooping cough and those who have not indulged in this way have caught measles, and we have even had one or two cases of mumps. As a result, at one time we were reduced to less than half. We are all bright and cheery again now, in fact, often too much so! It is always rather amazing to find how very much these children are like white children. Many are going ahead well in reading and writing, but there are others, fortunately only a few, who seem to make no progress whatever. Singing time is the most popular; everyone thoroughly enjoys the action songs, some in Kikongo and some in French. It is splendid that these children are enjoying school; it is a great trouble to them if for any reason they are not able to come. As long as school is a pleasure and not a drudgery for them, all is well.

We are interested to find how popular patchwork is with the women, nor has the enthusiasm grown less as the session advances. Some have already done pieces long enough for a bed-cover. It is quite a good way of clearing out odd bits of stuff at the end of a term! This work they do at home. Some of the girls too are doing well at sewing. They have already made for themselves headcloths, and now they are decorating them.

For some years, I believe, it has been considered nec-

essary to move the carpenter shop from its present site to a more suitable one. The old shop could never be called anything but a ramshackle conglomeration of buildings which are much too near the school not to disturb the peace. Carpenters cannot work without talking, sometimes whistling, as well as hammering!

But now the decision has been made and the walls of the new buildings are up, and it only remains for the carpenters to take the roofs off the old buildings and put them on the new, But when can this be done without disturbing the classes?! Should anyone know a way of removing tins quietly, we should be glad to hear from them without delay!

In the carpenter shop for the past year or so we have been working on school furniture. The pattern chosen for making was the ordinary single examination desk with chair, and we have been able to furnish four class rooms with these desks and chairs. We had intended at first to make the desk to fold, but we found that for children the nonfolding pattern was more suitable and steadier.

It has been thought best that for the manual side of the men's training here, it would be better for them to spend a whole session either in the shop or in doing masonry rather than dividing their time between the two. This plan is being tried this year, so that those who have been doing masonry this year will be doing carpentry next, and vice versa. In this way each man during his three years stay at Kimpese should spend from five to six consecutive months at each of these trades which should be of use to him in the future.

Phyllis and R.V. de C. Thompson

BANZA MANTEKE NEWS

Banza Manteke's number is called by the Editor of the Congo News Letter and so I suppose we must at least answer the "Phone" (i. e. in the future) and I fear she will ask for a bit of news. Well, yes, I was right, she has asked for news and she says it is overdue. And now when I ask either of the single ladies to write it, they begin at once to say, "Please have me excused, I have a Baby Clinic and I must needs go and see it." "I have several pairs of —— and I go to prove them," So runs the modern version of the old parable. I suppose I could command Mrs. Moon to write the News. But she may say, "If it were only a matter of having married a husband and having him to take care of, I might, but there is the afternoon school and the kiddies school and the practice teaching group to be looked after." And so she says, "Please have me excused also!." So what else can I do?

We keep asking ourselves, "Why is there so much to do at a station like this with such a fine bunch of trained teachers and excellent kapitas?" Because there is always so much to be done after everybody has done his share and because, helpers having done well their part, one can and does attempt much that he could not dream of doing if he did not have efficient help. Especially does the field work need all the attention one can give to it, if the revival spirit is to be kept up, if little church difficulties are not allowed to remain unsettled so long that they become chronic, if the missionary spirit is to be fostered and church giving is to increase instead of diminish, if the church is to be kept

healthy and active. In fact, one should give almost all his time to that alone. And so we all keep busy and, perhaps others can judge best, we all get a good lot done.

In the field work Tata Mac has done us two good tours, one on the North Bank in December and one on the Bangu in January. I have done one tour on the North Bank helping out in the regional school building plans at Kinzimbu, one week-end at Kimpese where we had to choose a new pastor for that field, and another at Kinkanza where we had the same problem but a much more difficult one, for the old pastor had resigned but he didn't seem to want to retire. The meeting wasn't quite like a Democratic Nomination Convention but it had a lot of family resemblances. For four hours Sunday morning it might have been any one's election or else it might have called for an adjourned meeting, but finally everything smoothed out and we chose a fine young man, a Kimpese graduate. We then sat down to the Lord's table with subdued spirits and at its close all seemed happy over the final result.

I had one good visit to old Banza Manteke and found the place well cared for, also a pretty good regional school conducted by a Banza Manteke-Kimpese graduate. Pastor David Mbidi is doing a good job looking after this school and his district as well. I could hardly keep from remarking to myself that the place looked as if missionaries were in charge. And isn't that what we have been hoping for all these years, that we could get trained men who would take up our job as fast as possible?

We had one meeting at the opening of the new year with the pastors, teachers, deacons and a small number

of church members from close by and we set some goals for the year. We hope the churches can reach them. One goal is to see that every one of our church buildings is either re-made or well repaired and that the school grounds are well kept. The second, that all main paths are cleaned and especially that the path to the water is cleared so that when the women go to carry water in the early morning they need not get all wet and bedraggled. If possible we should like to make special mention of towns that have done most to reach the goal, at the time of the big "Matondo" meetings. Next year one or two new goals could be added to increase incentive in maintaining a nice clean town with fine paths leading to it, thus inviting people to come in and visit.

We are giving out the new church tickets to those who are regular givers and who have started the new year with a regular gift each month. Considerable interest is already being shown in keeping up a good record monthly and outsiders are asking if they can not have some kind of card on which to record their gifts. The pastors say that lots of people are asking for cards.

We are closing the boarding school April 24-27 so that Miss Lonar can take her over-due furlough by leaving on the 7th of May boat. The 27th and 28th we are to have a meeting with all the pastors, teachers and deacons to plan for summer "Matondos" and to stir them up in the matter of regular giving. Following the closing of the boarding school and while the pastors are having their meeting, Mrs. Moon will register all the teachers in this immediate region for an Institute to

last until May 22.

After Tata Mac has satisfied himself that we have attended all the committee and trustees' meetings he has in mind, we hope to have an Institute at Lukunga with "Matondos" each week-end for the three districts of that field. Then we shall try to wind up at Matadi Mantoyo before we take up our Institutes in the Sona Bata field. Meanwhile, we hope the Geils have arrived and taken over their big work at Banza Manteke. If you want us to do anything else let us know early.

The Moons

VANGA NEWS.

This might almost be called our annual report to the Congo News Letter! Even tho the Editor and our literary lights have somehow failed of contact yet the river steamers still ply the Kwilu and with fairly gratifying frequency whistle a one clear blast telling us that again we are to have some touch with the outside world, even if it is only a ton of trade salt or a mail packet containing a mis-addressed magazine and a bunch of advertising sheets! The H. C. B. trucks are still heard several times a day on the nearby automobile road, reminding us of European business and an opened Africa. And trails still lead to Vanga which means home to a weary man who has spent long, exacting, hot days on the plain, hill and forest paths, telling the most wondrous Story this world has ever heard. These trails have been painfully followed, too, by many scores who under the touch of Christlike love and skill have found miraculous relief and health. Hundreds of otherwise

illiterate young men and women have found the trails and have experienced not only unimagined mental awakening but sometimes the distressing necessity of mental exertion and of conscientious labor! School boys and girls, the world over!

Our long-cherished hopes finally reached happy fulfillment when on January 12, our truck brought back from Banningville Mr. and Mrs. Robbins with Baby Priscilla. As they stepped out of that truck they "belonged" immediately. How thankful we have been each day that they could come to us. They can make their own report one of these days about the school, but meanwhile you can be sure that they are winning the confidence of the teachers and students. We look forward to being able to do much more for our Christ next year.

During the fall, Mr. Brown stayed nearby most of the time but now he is "off and away" again. Each section has put in urgent calls until it is almost a case of "eenie, meenie, minie, mo" as to whom he goes first. The first Sunday of January he answered a call of several coast men for a special service with them. They work for the H.C.B. in and around Leverville and very rarely have the opportunity to attend a protestant service. Such folk separated from their tribes and church associations on the coast do need our interest and help.

While we carry on our other tasks our hearts are crying out that He may come to us all in His own way in blessed, reviving power.

We have in this issue three guest writers, all of the Kimpese staff. Mr. and Mrs. Thompson have previously been introduced. We thank Mr. Reynolds, principal of Kimpese, for his fine article.

HERE AND THERE.

The Tuttle family present a new edition! Dean William arrived March 14, a joy not only to his parents but to sister Ruth and brother David.

The month of May will see our already depleted staff further decreased when Miss Bonar, Dr. Witt, Miss Tice, Rev. and Mrs. Lanoue and Robert leave for furlough. We wish them God's speed and a happy period of rest and spiritual refreshment.

Dr. King was to have been among this number, but instead we must record the news of his sudden death at Sona Bata, March 27. Dr. King is the third Congo missionary-physician to be called to his reward within a period of two years. Dr. Ostrom and Dr. Leslie both passed away in the homeland. The next issue will be a combined July-October number dedicated to the memory of these three.

The health record of our Mission during this past year has not been all that one would like it to be. Miss Ruth Dickey of Moanza has just been operated on for appendicitis by Dr. Tuttle at Sona Bata. She is recovering nicely.

Mr. MacDiarmid says, "Dr. W. O. Lewis of Paris sent his New Year's greetings to his many friends in Congo. He especially wanted to be remembered to the bachelors of the Mission, but if he knew the conditions on the field (our only real bachelor is on furlough) he probably would have sent his condolences to the grass widows." Is Pa Mac speaking of the "Leopoldville Bachelors' Club" which thrived during February and March, just after Mrs. MacDiarmid and Catherine left for the U.S. to arrange for the children's schooling and while Mrs. Watkins and Mrs. Hall were ill at SonaBata?

CONGO MISSION DIRECTORY

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Miss Mary Bonar
Miss Mildred Tice
Rev. and Mrs. S.E. Moon

NTONDO
Rev. and Mrs. P.C. Metzger
Rev. and Mrs. H.D. Brown
Miss Esther Ehnbom

SONA BATA
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Dr. and Mrs. G.W. Tuttle
Miss Emily Satterberg
Miss Vendla Anderson

VANGA
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